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THE  
VIRGINIA VETERAN,

A Drama in Four Acts,

By THOMAS F. POWER.



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THE  
VIRGINIA VETERAN.

*A Military Drama, in Four Acts.*

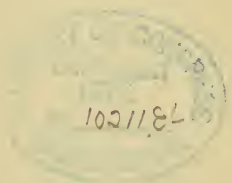
WRITTEN BY

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THOMAS F. POWER,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RELIEF FUND OF D. B. EAMES POST 142,  
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Stereotyped at the Boston Stereotype Foundry,  
19 Spring Lane.

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF RESPECT AND ADMIRATION,

*This Drama is Respectfully Dedicated*

(BY PERMISSION) TO

GENERAL DAVID H. STROTHER (PORTE CRAYON),

A VIRGINIAN AND A UNION SOLDIER,

BY THE AUTHOR.



# THE VIRGINIA VETERAN.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

COLONEL ROBERT BLUNT, a Virginia Planter, and a Veteran of the Mexican War.

HENRY BLUNT, Son of the Veteran, and Captain of Union Volunteers.

HUBBARD,	}	Recruits in CAPTAIN BLUNT's Company.
VINCENT,		
KEELER,		
HOLMES,		
CROOKE,		

PAUL HAZARD, the Union Scout.

SIMON MUGGINS, a Farmer.

SCIPIO, a Slave belonging to COLONEL BLUNT; quick-witted.

JIM,           do.       do.           do.       do.; dull and sleepy.

ELLA BLUNT, Wife of CAPTAIN HENRY BLUNT.

SALLY BLUNT, Sister of the Veteran.

MARY HAZARD, the Scout's Daughter.

VIOLET, Daughter of CAPTAIN HENRY BLUNT.

Union Soldiers.

Guerrillas.

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## COSTUMES.

COLONEL BLUNT (age 76); first dress, white mustache, side whiskers, and wig; buff vest, with brass buttons; rich dressing-gown. Camp-scene dress, linen coat; wide-brimmed,

light-colored hat ; powder horn, and pouch for buckshot.

Last scene, a different dressing-gown.

HENRY BLUNT ; first, citizen's dress ; second, captain's uniform.

VINCENT ; first, hunting suit ; second, Union uniform.

HUBBARD, KEELER, HOLMES, and CROOKE ; Union uniforms.

PAUL HAZARD ; hunting suit ; change hat or cap in last act.

SIMON MUGGINS ; common farmer's dress ; change for last scene.

SCIPIO ; first, a civilian's, misfitting ; last act, a ragged Union uniform.

JIM ; a civilian's, misfitting.

ELLA BLUNT ; a light, summer dress ; last act, a different one.

The hair should not be arranged in the style of to-day.

SALLY BLUNT (age 60) ; a dark dress, handsome cap, spectacles ; for the last act, a different cap, and a slight change of dress.

MARY HAZARD (age 14) ; first dress, riding suit, looped up ; neat hat, with small, black ostrich feather. Last act, summer in-door dress.

*Entrances, Exits, and Positions.*

R means right ; L left ; C centre ; F front.

*Time of representation, two hours.*

ACT 1. SCENE 1. — *The Forest.* VINCENT *solus*, armed with shot gun, and equipped for hunting, with blowing horn, &c.

*Vincent.* I suppose that if what I don't know was all printed and bound, it would make a large volume ; but what I should like to know now is, how I missed that deer ; just as fair a shot as ever I had in my life. I never shall hear the last of that from Hazard. Hallo ! here he comes.



*Enter HAZARD, R., with gun and equipments.*

*Hazard (looking around).* Well, Vincent, where's the deer? Didn't I hear you shoot a while ago?

*Vincent.* Deer? ha! That deer is like Madigan's clams.

*Hazard.* How's that?

*Vincent.* Struck off into deep water.

*Hazard.* Ha, ha, ha! What? missed him?

*Vincent.* Missed him, clear.

*Hazard.* What was it?

*Vincent.* A little spike buck. He came down the hollow there on the keen jump, just ahead of the dogs. I fired as he passed that white oak, and never turned a hair.

*Hazard.* Did you know that you and I are going to hunt another kind of game? See here! I've got a piece of news for you. Virginia has gone out.

*Vincent.* Gone out?

*Hazard.* You look as if I meant she had gone out like a lamp.

*Vincent.* I honestly think it's about the same thing.

*Hazard.* Give us your hand, Vincent; give us your hand. I've kind o' mistrusted you all along; but you're all right. (*Shakes VINCENT's hand.*)

*Vincent.* I've talked this thing over considerably, lately, with Henry Blunt, and I've made up my mind.

*Hazard.* Henry Blunt is a man — every inch of him; and so is the old colonel. Hallo! here comes Muggins. What's he after now?

*Vincent.* No good; you may bet your dear life on that.

*Enter MUGGINS, L.*

*Muggins.* What! out a huntin'? I heerd the dogs a runnin'. How's the hunt?

*Hazard.* There's a different kind of hunt up from this time out. Virginia has joined the Southern Confederacy.

*Simon (excitedly).* Hooray! hooray! Well done! well done! That's the talk! Now we'll see some folks upside down. Now we'll see how some things will turn out. Some chance yit for a pore man. Whoopee!

*Hazard.* Chance to what?

*Simon.* Now the Union men will have to lay close, dad burn 'em.

*Hazard.* Who do you mean?

*Simon.* You never heerd of no Colonel Sharp round here, did ye?

*Hazard.* No.

*Simon.* Well, then, you never heerd of no Colonel Blunt, you hain't, have ye? You never heerd of that young rooster that crows so loud, — Henry Blunt, — you hain't, have ye? I tell you some folks will have to lay low. Some o' these folks that fly high will light in a puddle.

*Hazard.* I should like to know, Muggins, what you have got against the colonel and his family.

*Simon.* What have I got? First and foremost, ain't they agin the Southern Confederacy? Ain't that enough? A pack of cussed aristocrats! that's what they are. That young Henry Blunt, every time he nods to me, seems to say, "O, you pore, mean, contemptible, no-account vagabone! Git out o' my way!"

*Hazard.* Nonsense, nonsense ! All your imagination, Simon Muggins ; and let me tell you, the man who harms Colonel Blunt or his family harms me.

*Vincent.* Well, I can tell you what kind of a man the colonel is. Last year, when my horse died, Colonel Blunt sent me the money, as a gift, to buy another. He charged me never to tell of it. I promised him I wouldn't ; but the time has come to tell of it.

*Hazard.* Then here again ; last summer, when my wife had a fever, the neighbors didn't dare to come to my house for fear of catching it. But Henry Blunt's wife, God bless her, she dared to come ; and Miss Sally Blunt, God bless her, she dared to come ; not once, but often, — both of them.

*Vincent.* Yes ; everybody loves and respects the whole family. I stick by them that stick by me ; that's my way.

*Simon.* See here, men. I believe in my soul that you two are a couple of damned traitors. (*VINCENT and HAZARD start threateningly.*) Ha ! don't you try to run any of your rigs on me. (*Draws a bowie-knife.*) You'll find they don't call me Wolf Muggins for nothing ; you'll find I can bite. Now I warn you, I warn you, if you join the enemies of the Southern Confederacy, — if you go agin your state, — you had better never been born. The earth will gape open and swallow you up before you know it. Do you hear that ? (*Going towards R., he turns.*) Do you hear it ? (*Going again, he turns.*) Do you hear it ?

[*Exit SIMON, R.*

*Vincent.* What a wild beast !

*Hazard.* Yes, and wild beasts sometimes get hunted.

Wolves sometimes come to bloody ends. Blow your horn and call in the dogs. (VINCENT *blows horn.*)

[*Exeunt, L.*]

*End of ACT 1, SCENE 1.*

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ACT 1. SCENE 2. — *A furnished Apartment in COLONEL BLUNT'S House. COLONEL BLUNT solus, at C., in large easy chair, with pillow; table at his left, rear.*

*Col. Blunt.* Here am I, an old hulk, stranded high and dry; while all the boys, and some of the graybeards too, as to that, are off to the war. By the great hokey! if I was only twenty years younger, these infernal rebels should see the sword I carried at Buena Vista.

*Enter SCIPIO, L., with table-cloth.*

*Scipio.* Ole mas'r, Miss Sally she say will you have your supper?

*Col.* Scip, come here! (SCIPIO *comes to F.*) Scip, you have always been a good boy. You and your young master Henry have been together from childhood, and I think you are attached to us.

*Scip.* 'Fore God, ole mas'r, I'd lay down my life for any o' dis family. — (*Aside.*) I donno 'bout Miss Sally, though. — (*Aloud.*) I would for you, or Mas'r Henry, or Miss Ella.

*Col.* Well, now I want you, Scip, when my son gets

his commission, to go to the war with him as his servant, and look out for him. Will you do it?

*Scip.* I will, mas'r, sure's you're born.

*Col.* And you won't run away, — make for the free states the first chance you get?

*Scip.* O, O! Ole mas'r, what you take me for? One o' dese common niggers? Dat's too bad! dat's too bad! You knows I's a 'liable nigger.

*Col.* No, no! I oughtn't to have said that, *Scip*; I oughtn't to have said it. There (*gives SCIP a dollar*), there's a silver dollar for you. Now go and see about my supper. (*SCIPIO lays the table-cloth, and exit, L.*) Now is a chance for Henry to make himself a name. General Blunt! Ha! how would that sound? And why not? Why not? A good lad, a brave lad; he has never hesitated. (*A little pause.*) Hesitated? Why should he hesitate? In such a cause as this who could hesitate? Break up this Union! By the great hokey, if it wasn't for this infernal rheumatism — (*twinges*).

*Enter SCIPIO, L.*

*Scip.* Ole mas'r, you want waffles wid your supper? Miss Sally, she say —

*Col. (testily).* Yes, yes, yes! (*Exit SCIPIO, L.*) O, O! what a twinge that was!

*Enter SCIPIO, L.*

*Scip.* Ole mas'r, you want honey on your waffles? Miss Sally —

*Col.* Begone! If you say Miss Sally to me again, I'll murder you both. (*Exit* SCIPIO, L. *The colonel tries to arrange his pillow.*) Scip! Scip!—Sally! Sally! (*Rings table bell.*) Can't I make anybody hear? (*At the top of his voice.*) Sally!

*Enter SALLY, L., and stops at wing.*

*Sally (very deliberately).* Well, brother.

*Col.* What the devil do you mean by standing there and saying "Well, brother?" Why don't you come and help me?

*Sally.* Poor man! What do you want done?

*Col. (mocking).* Poor man; I want this pillow fixed. (*SALLY arranges the pillow.*) O, O! don't touch me.

*Sally.* Now, brother, how can I fix the pillow if I don't touch it?

*Col.* Take hold of the pillow, then, and don't touch me.

*Sally.* What a temper you have got!

*Col.* Temper, temper! I've got an angelic temper, and always had; but what can you do with this cursed rheumatism?

*Sally.* O! how can you talk so? What if you should die in one of these swearing fits!

*Col.* Look here, Sally. You are a sensible woman. You know you are a sensible woman. You don't suppose the Lord will punish a man that's got the rheumatism as badly as I have. Speaking of swearing,—ha, ha, ha!—there was a fellow at Buena Vista—

*Enter VIOLET, L., rear, running.*

*Violet.* O, gran'pa! O, gran'pa!

*Col.* Keep her off! Keep her off! Don't let her touch me. (*VIOLET stops.*) Now, come easy, you dear little rascal, and see if your poor old grandpa has got anything for you. (*VIOLET comes and stands between his knees. COLONEL gives her a little parcel.*) There, take that, you rogue, you.

*Violet.* I want to kiss you, gampy.

*Col.* Do you, my dear? Then so you shall.

*Violet.* How your whiskers do tickle my cheeks, gran'pa!

*Col.* Well, my dear, before a great while a younger man than I am will tickle your cheeks with his whiskers. Sally, did any young man ever tickle your cheeks with his whiskers?

*Sally.* La, brother. I should be ashamed. (*Retires to rear.*)

*Col.* Sally, there is not another such child as that (*enter ELLA, L., and stands at L. with handkerchief at her face*) in all Virginia. I'll bet my best saddle-horse against an old stirrup-leather — (*Sees ELLA.*) Ella, my dear, haven't you done crying yet? Hush, my dear; that's a good little soul.

*Ella.* (*Throws herself on her knees before him, her face on his knee.*) O, father!

*Col.* There, there, there! darling. Ella, be a brave girl. Don't you, — I charge you, — don't you break my boy's spirit down.



*Enter, unperceived, HENRY BLUNT, at R., rear, and stands there.*

*Ella.* (*Looks in the old man's face.*) But O, father! remember I have neither mother (*sobbing*), nor brother, nor sister; and now to lose my husband —

*Col.* My dear child, he'll come back safe. While I live, Ella, you know my heart.

*Ella.* O, father! I am not ungrateful. (*Seizes his hand.*)

*Col.* O, O, O! You've almost killed me. You've almost killed me. (*ELLA rises and caresses him.*) I know, my dear, you didn't go to do it; but you've almost killed me. (*Gets more quiet.*) Now, as I said before, don't you make my son show the white feather.

*H. Blunt (from the rear).* He will never do that; he comes of too good a stock.

*Col.* Ha! there's my boy. Come round here, Henry, where your old father can see you. (*HENRY comes to F.*) We'll whip the rebels, my lad, as we whipped the rascally Mexicans at Buena Vista.

*Enter SCIPIO, L.*

*Scip.* O, you here, Mas'r Henry? I thought you was done gone away, or I'd ha' brought in dat paper.

*H. B.* Brought what paper, Scip?

*Scip.* Paper what a man done lef' on a gray horse, long switch tail; envelope long as dat, Mas'r Henry (*measures on his arm*), long as dat.

*H. B.* Go and bring it, Scip. (*SCIPIO, going L., turns.*)



*Scip.* Sealing-wax on it, Mas'r Henry, big chunk.

*H. B.* That will do, \*Scip; that will do. Go and bring it. [*Exit SCIPIO, L., rear.*]

*Col.* Hey? What? That must be, Henry, that must be the commission.

*H. B.* I think it is, father.

*Enter SCIPIO, L., rear, with large envelope which he hands to HENRY BLUNT.*

*Scip.* Dar it is, Mas'r Henry, jis as I tole you. You see, Mas'r Henry, I's a 'liable nigger.

*H. B.* (*Reads address.*) "Henry Blunt, Esquire, at the Locusts, near Marengo Springs, Jasper County, Virginia."

*Col.* Esquire, Esquire! That can't be it, then.

*H. B.* (*glancing over the paper.*) Yes, father; this is indeed the long-expected document. [*Exit SCIPIO, L.*]

*Col.* God be praised, my boy! Hurra for the old flag! Hurra for the Union! (*Rises slowly.*) Sally! go get my coat, — my old military coat.

*Sally.* What under the sun —

*Col.* Don't stand there gaping as if you was moon-struck! Get my coat and my sword. (*Exit SALLY, L.*) Now I'll tell you how I cut down the Mexicans at Buena Vista. You see, the cavalry came charging up to us; we expected to be carried away like drift-wood in a freshet. We all thought, — ha, ha, ha! — we all thought we had eaten Uncle Sam's pork and beans, and hard tack, for the last time. (*Enter SALLY, L., with coat and sword.*) O, here comes Sally with the coat. Here! help me on with it.

*Sally.* Is the man crazy? He has taken leave of his senses.

*Col. (holding up coat).* There, there! you see that? There's a bullet hole!

*Sally (scornfully).* Bullet hole! that's a moth hole.

*Col.* Hold your tongue! The woman's a fool. What do you know about war? I tell you that was a bullet, — a bullet right through the tail. (*All laugh.*) Very well, very well, you may laugh as much as you please; but to-day is my birthday. I am seventy-six years old; my son is Captain Henry Blunt, and I'm going to have the old coat on once more if I die for it. (*Partly strips off dressing-gown.*)

*H. B.* I see the old fire is not all extinct, father.

*Sally.* It will kill you, doing it.

*Col. (to SALLY).* You mind your business! When I am determined to do a thing, I'm going to do it.

*Ella.* But what are you going to do, father?

*Col. (softening to her).* Going to do, my dear? I'm going to tell you how I killed the Mexicans at Buena Vista.

*Sally (aside).* We have heard that story more than forty times.

*Col. (Strips off gown and throws it down. Commences to put on an old military coat, aided by HENRY and ELLA.)* Gently, gently! O, O! Hold on, hold on! (*They stop; the COLONEL takes a long breath.*) Henry, my corporosity has increased wonderfully since this old coat was new. I was a good-looking young man then, Henry.

*H. B.* It runs in the family. (*Helps with the coat.*)

*Col.* Ha, ha, ha! do you hear that? It runs in the family. Ha, ha, ha! O, O! you are killing me. Gently! O, O! (*Finally gets the coat on.*) There, give me the sword. (*SALLY hands sword.*) There; you see, the Mexican cavalry, with their splendid uniforms, and all in apple-pie order, came charging on us, enough to sweep us all away.

*Enter* SCIPIO, L., *with large tray, containing tea-service of silver and of white ware.* SCIPIO *stands near the L. of his master, mouth open, listening.*

Our batteries poured the canister into 'em. Just at the nick of time old Taylor sings out, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" That was too much for 'em. Ha, ha, ha! They broke and ran like sheep. But there was one fellow had got a little too near us. I gave my horse the spurs and dashed at him, rode in my stirrups, gave my sword a swing — (*With his sword hits the tray held by SCIPIO. The tray falls. SALLY and SCIPIO jump for the fallen and broken articles.*)

*Sally.* Now you have done it!

*Scip.* Hi! look a dar!

(HENRY and ELLA assist the old man, who drops the sword and settles into the easy-chair with twinges.)

*End of* ACT 1, SCENE 2.

ACT 1. SCENE 3. — *A Room.* ELLA *solus, coming forward from R.*

*Ella.* At last, at last, the time has come for us to part. I will not by my weakness unnerve him. I have read of the firmness of Roman matrons; now they shall see how an American matron, when her country is in peril, can show firmness and patriotism as well. I will say to him, "Go, my husband! our country calls you — go!" Not a sign of weakness shall he see. Now, from this moment forth, I will not shed another tear until after he has gone. (*Going towards R.*) Not another tear. Not another tear. [*Exit, R.*

*Enter HENRY BLUNT, L.*

*Henry.* Yes, I do wish to live. Life is sweet to me. Blest with my dear wife and child, the sole heir to the great estates of my father (warm-hearted, brave old man, long may he live!), life opens fair before me. But I chose rightly — I chose well. Educated at West Point, my sword is my country's. I can recognize no narrow state lines, — no North, no South. I owe my allegiance to my whole country. So long as the dear old flag shall wave, so long, while I live, will I follow. Never shall it be said of Henry Blunt that he was deaf to the call of honor. Never shall my children hear their father's name coupled with "traitor." No! the path of duty lies plain before me, and though it may lead to poverty, nay, to death itself, that path I'll follow to the end.

*Enter VIOLET, L., playing hoop or battledoor.*

*Henry.* Good by, my child ; good by.

*Violet.* When are you coming back, papa?

*Henry.* When am I coming back? What a question ! Who can read the future? (*Kisses the child. Exit VIOLET, L., playing. HENRY looks after her.*) Happy ! happy ! thoughtless ! Heaven watch over her.

*Enter ELLA, R., unperceived.*

Now, hardest task of all, — my faithful wife, — to say that bitter word, Farewell. (*She sobs audibly. HENRY hears and turns to her.*) My dear, dear wife ; dearer to me than all the world beside. Pray for me, Ella ; pray for me when I am gone.

*Ella (throwing her arms around him).* O, Henry ! can you leave me?

*Henry.* Ella, where are all your brave resolves? You would not have me bring dishonor on my name? (*A little pause.*) Tell me, Ella.

*Ella (sobbing, with her head on his shoulder).* O, no, no !

*Henry.* You would not have your husband stay, — a man disgraced?

*Ella (shudderingly).* O, no, no, no ! (*HENRY kisses her, and gently unlooses her arms. ELLA says, faintly,* "Go, go ! Henry. May God watch over you." (*Exit HENRY, L.*) O, cruel, cruel, cruel war ! My heart is breaking. (*ELLA sinks into a kneeling position, and bends forward, burying her face in her hands.*)

ACT DROP FALLS.

ACT 2. SCENE 1. — *The Forest. Enter MARY HAZARD, R., in riding suit, with basket of cakes and switch.*

*Mary.* I could not help stopping to get some of these beautiful blue flowers. (*Picks up flowers; looks at R.*) Whoa! pony. Whoa! boy. How the flies do plague him! I wish there were no flies but butterflies. I wish I was a butterfly myself. (*Sings the song, "I'd be a butterfly." During the first stanza enter KEELER, R., tipsy, unperceived, who at the end of first stanza drinks from canteen. Towards the close of the second, drinks again, and at the end, clears his throat.*)

*Keeler.* Ahem! (*MARY gives a little scream, and starts to go, alarmed.*) Halt! Who goes there?

*Mary (aside).* He is Union. — (*Aloud.*) I am a Union girl.

*Keeler.* Advance, Union girl, and give the countersign.

*Mary.* I haven't got any such thing.

*Keeler.* What have you got in that basket?

*Mary.* O, not what you said; only cakes.

*Keeler.* Advance, Union girl, and give us a cake. (*MARY advances timidly, and offers the basket. KEELER takes a cake and pockets it.*) Don't you be frightened. They call Keeler a hard boy; but you better believe he isn't going to harm a feather, — I mean a hair of your head. I've got a little sister at home, the perfect image of you, only her hair is black, and yours is yellow; your nose is a kind of a pug, and hers is a regular hawk's-bill.

*Mary (aside).* How can I get away? Yet why should I be afraid? I see he will not harm me.

*Keeler.* Has your father got horses and mules?  
(*MARY nods.*) Has he got any fowls, — any poultry?

*Mary (aside).* What can he want to know for?  
— (*Aloud.*) Yes.

*Keeler.* Are they fat?

*Mary.* They ought to be, for I feed them twice a day myself.

*Keeler.* What are the names of your fowls?

*Mary.* There is only one that has a name, — old Crop-percrown.

*Keeler.* No, no! I mean what kinds, — what varieties?

*Mary.* Varieties? O, varieties. There are hens, and pullets, and chickens, and one old rooster.

*Keeler. (Eyes wide open.)* O!

*Mary.* Yes.

*Keeler.* Where do you live?

*Mary.* Three miles on that road (*points*), just beyond the run.

*Keeler.* And your father's name is —

*Mary.* Paul Hazard.

*Keeler.* Humph! here is a hard case to settle; a hard case. Here's Hazard, a good Union man; that I know. Decency says to me, "Keeler, let his fowls alone." Appetite says, "Go it, Keeler!" Now, what is a fellow to do? Let's put it to vote: all those that are in favor of robbing Hazard's henroost will say *yes*. (*A short pause.*) Those opposed will say *no*.

*Mary (eagerly).* No, no!

*Keeler.* No! (*Exultingly.*) The noes have it; it is not a vote; that's settled with great una—nimina—min—



ity. (*Smiles at MARY.*) What a — hic — devil of a word that is! (*Drinks.*) Who else lives in this neighborhood?

*Mary.* Simon Muggins lives only a mile from here on that road. (*Points L.*)

*Keeler.* Has he got fowls?

*Mary.* O, yes; plenty.

*Keeler.* Well, he's a law-breaker; that's what he is. I know something about law; and the law of the State of Virginia is, that no man of the name of Muggins shall keep fowls; and the law must and shall be respected; if he don't respect it I will. What is this Muggins, Union or Secesh?

*Mary.* O, rank Secesh!

*Keeler.* No wonder the country is going to the dogs, when a man by the name of Muggins, and Secesh at that, keeps fowls. Never mind, we'll fix him. (*Preparing to drink, he offers canteen to MARY, who puts her hands behind her.*) You no need to turn up your nose at it; it's A No. 1, and forty-fourth proof. (*Offers again. MARY refuses. KEELER drinks.*) Well, good by! The best friends must part. I am sorry to deprive you of the pleasure of my company; but you see I must attend to this (*short pause*) — what did you say his name was?

*Mary.* Muggins.

*Keeler.* Yes, Muggins. Attention, Keeler! Shoulder arms! (*Shoulders musket and goes through the manual as per his own commands.*) Right dress! Dress up a little on the left! Steady! Front! Left face! Mark time, — march! (*Marks time.*) Catch step there! (*Catches step.*)

*Mary.* Ha, ha, ha!



*Keeler (slowly turning to her).* Did you — hic — say anything?

*Mary.* No! I did not — hic — say anything.

*Keeler.* Well, good by, then. Forward — march!  
(*Going.*) Catch step there! (*Catches step.*)

[*Exit KEELER, L.*

*Mary.* Ha, ha, ha! But I'm thankful he is gone. How he smelled of whiskey! Poultry? Now that fellow must be what they call a bummer. (*Looks at R.*) Whoa! pony. I'm coming. [*Exit MARY, R.*

*End of ACT 2, SCENE 1.*

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ACT 2. SCENE 2. — *Camp in the Woods. Present CAPTAIN H. BLUNT, SCIPIO, and a group of soldiers cleaning arms. SCIPIO is not in uniform. As the scene comes in view a great burst of laughter is heard, proceeding from the soldiers.*

*Soldiers.* Ha, ha, ha!

*1st Soldier Singer.* Well, that is one of the best things I ever heard. I suppose it is my turn to spin a yarn; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sing you a song instead; that is, if you say so.

*Soldiers.* All right! Go on! A song.

*1st Singer.* Come on, then, you songsters, and we'll sing them — (*naming the piece. Singers rise and stand at c. Song and chorus. Soldiers applaud. MARY heard singing outside, R.*)

*Enter MARY, R.*

*Mary (timidly).* I didn't know but what — I thought that — perhaps you soldiers would like some cakes, and so — I have brought you these.

*Soldiers (crowding around).* Bully for you! (*&c.*)

(*Captain, who has been sitting on a box at L., rear, comes forward and takes a cake.*)

*Henry.* Thank you, my child. (*SCIPIO comes last of all, doubtfully. MARY holds the basket towards him. SCIPIO takes a cake.*)

*Scip.* Thank you, young missus. (*MARY goes to L., front corner, and sets the basket there; returns to C.*)

*Crooke (with his mouth full).* How far have you come?

*Mary.* What?

*Crooke (louder).* How far have you come?

*Mary.* O, how far have I come? Six miles through the woods.

*Crooke.* What! All alone?

*Mary.* No.

*Crooke.* Who was with you?

*Mary.* My pony.

*Crooke.* How old are you?

*Mary.* Almost fourteen.

*Hubbard (aside, drawling).* That fellow Crooke, because he has studied law, thinks he must cross-examine everybody.

*Crooke.* And do you mean to say that you have come six miles through the woods just to bring us these cakes?

*Mary.* O, no; that is, yes, sir; yes.

*Crooke.* Yes and no; woman like, you don't know your own mind. (*Offers to kiss her. MARY gives a little scream.*)

*Henry.* What are you about with that child? Leave her alone.

*Crooke (aside).* O, yes; an officer can do as he chooses; but when it comes to a high private, all he can do is to take a back seat. Humph! What a world this is! Just wait until I'm a captain! will you? We'll see if the high privates don't stand back. (*Retires.*)

*Henry (coming forward).* What is your name, my child?

*Mary.* Mary, sir. Mary Hazard. (*Courtesies.*)

*Henry.* What! Paul Hazard's daughter?

*Mary.* Yes, sir. (*Courtesies.*)

*Crooke (aside, having come to F.).* Mighty polite, to be sure, all of a sudden. She didn't courtesy to me once. Humph! What a world this is! (*Retires.*)

*Henry.* Well, Mary, you have got a good Union father, and I hope he has got a good Union daughter. (*Puts his finger under her chin.*) Hey, my girl?

*Mary.* Yes, sir. My great-grandfather was at the siege of Yorktown, and surrender of Cornwallis; and my grandfather was with Jackson at the battle of New Orleans; and my father has gone as a scout; and mother says she thanks God there is not a drop of rebel blood in the veins of one of us.

*Soldiers.* Good! Good!

*Hubbard (at L. F., drawling).* Ya—as. That's realy—a—a—exhilarating. If it isn't, I wish I may be shot.

*Henry (to MARY).* I heard you singing as you came up. Won't you give us a song?

*Mary.* I know a little song — (*Naming it.*)

*Henry.* Let us have that. (*MARY sings; soldiers applaud. While MARY is singing, SCIPIO is decidedly interested.*)

*Vincent.* Mary, I declare, you are quite a paragon.

*Hubbard (aside).* There goes that disagreeable fellow, Vincent; he has to put in his oar.

*Vincent.* Hubbard, what is a paragon?

*Hubbard (drawls).* O, I haven't quite forgotten all my geometry. A paragon — let me see — a paragon — O! a paragon is a thing with a good many sides.

*Soldiers.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Hubbard (aside).* Why, what the deuce are they laughing at?

*Mary.* If that's a paragon I cannot be one, for I have only one side — the side of the Union.

*Henry.* Well said, Mary. Well said. Let me give you a kiss for that.

*Mary.* I should like it, but I am afraid mother wouldn't.

*Henry.* How does it happen that you are willing that I should kiss you, when you refused that soldier?

*Mary.* (*Bashfully, smiling.*) O! you are so much better looking, sir.

*Henry.* Ha, ha, ha! An honest compliment, upon my word. (*Offers to kiss her; she covers her mouth with a letter.*) Ah! what's this? A letter directed to Captain Henry Blunt. (*Opens and reads aside, at R. F.*) "A squad of rebs will be upon you to-morrow morning; they cannot number, at the outside, over fifteen or twenty." (*Pauses.*) I cannot make this out. It looks like

fish and crackers. The most crabbed hand I ever saw in my life. I don't know what that can be. O! I see. "Bushwhackers," that's it, — "bushwhackers. Keep your eyes open." (*Folds letter. — Aside.*) That's from Hazard. That man is true as steel, — worth his weight in gold. He sleeps with one eye open; or don't he sleep at all? Fifteen or twenty bushwhackers, eh? We'll try to give them a suitable reception.

*Vincent.* Mary, if you have good luck, with a few years' more growth, you'll make quite a good-looking young woman. (*HENRY seats himself on a box at R. F., opens and reads documents.*)

"O Woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light, quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou." Ahem! Scott!

Hubbard, I ought to have been an actor.

*Hubbard (aside, drawls).* Ya—as — what they call a "supe."

*Vincent.* Now listen to this. (*Takes an attitude.*) How is that for an attitude? (*Rolls the letter r, and spins out the s's.*)

"With thundering knocks and shivering shocks,  
Shall break the locks — of prison gates;  
And Phœbus' car — shall shine from far —

(*Roars.*) And make and mar —

(*Shakes his head.*) The cruel fates." Ahem!

Shakespeare!

(*Soldiers laugh, with ironical cries of Bravo! Encore!*)

*Vincent.* There, what do you think of that, Hubbard? Mary, let me introduce you to private Hubbard, member of a large family, all descended from the old woman who lived in a shoe.

*Hubbard.* You need not poke fun at my ancestors; there have been some useful men among them; there was that one who invented the Hubbard squash.

*Vincent (aside).* The man who invented this fellow invented a cabbage-head. Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter KEELER, L., tipsy, with musket, bag of poultry, and large white rooster.*

“O that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains”! Ahem! Shakespeare!

*Keeler.* Vincent, I’m sorry to see you in such a state.

*Vincent.* What state? Virginia?

*Keeler.* In a state of intoxication. (*To the soldiers.*) Gentlemen, you are all drunk! (*Soldiers laugh.*) It’s a disgrace!

*Henry. (Coming to C. F.)* What’s all this about? (*Feels of the bag KEELER carries.*) What’s all this?

*Keeler.* It’s all right, captain; honor bright. I offered Muggins my note at six months. and he wouldn’t take it. It’s all right.

*Henry.* Muggins? Have you been over to his place? How did it happen that Muggins didn’t eat you up?

*Keeler.* You ever been in his smoke-house, captain? I have, and then he turned the key on me.

*Henry.* Yes.

*Keeler.* Yes; there I am amongst the hams, and the shoulders, and the middlings.

*Henry.* Ah!

*Keeler.* Yes; and then he tells me through the key-hole that he'd fix me. That's what he said, — he'd fix me.

*Henry.* How did you get out?

*Keeler.* After a while the door opens, and there stands Mr. Hazard.

*Henry.* Hazard! He saved your bacon?

*Keeler.* No, no bacon there. (*Pats the bag.*) All chicken meat, captain, — all right. Yes, there stands Mr. Hazard. Says he, You mis'able, drunken devil — that's what he said, — you go! Go and tell Captain Blunt that I have taken you out of Muggins's clutches; and tell Captain Blunt I doubt whether I have helped his company by turning you loose.

*Henry.* How he complimented you!

*Keeler.* Mis'able, drunken devil; that's what he said. By the blood of the Keelers! if ever I meet that Hazard, I'll — (*Pauses.*) No, I won't! He let me out of that smoke-house.

*Henry.* But how did you get your fowls, after all?

*Keeler.* Well, after I got started for the camp, I found I had forgotten my errand; so back I goes, and collects these little animals. I'm all right, captain; if ever you get sick and want chicken broth, just you call on me.

*Henry* (*returns to the box. Aside.*) To-morrow we must begin to draw the reins of discipline a little tighter.

*Hubbard* (*at L. F., to MARY, who has just reached L. F., to get her basket.*) Miss Mary, when a fellow is encouraged by the smiles of the fair sex (*bows*), he would (*drawling*) go through fire and —



*Mary.* Brimstone!

*Hubbard.* No! that is not what I was going to sa—ay. What I was going to sa—ay was, he would go through fire and — water.

*Mary.* O!

*Hubbard.* Ya—as. Your coming over here is really — a —

*Mary.* Amusing.

*Hubbard.* No! that is not what I was going to sa—ay. What I was going to sa—ay was, it was quite romantic.

*Mary.* Quite like a novel.

*Hubbard.* Ya—as. I adore novels. Ya—as. (*A little pause.*) Let me see; where was I? O! ya—as. Your coming over here puts me in mind of the opera — (*MARY slips to the rear, and exit with CAPTAIN HENRY at R., rear*) of the “Daughter of the Regiment;” and we shall have to call you the daughter of Captain Blunt’s company. Ha, ha, ha! a very pretty idea, upon my word. Don’t you — (*Looks around.*) Why, where the deuce is she? Sold! If I’m not I wish I may be shot. Sold by a dam—sel fourteen years old. (*Retires.*)

*Scip.* (*at the rear, to the soldiers, as if continuing a chat.*) — jis’ as easy as fallin’ off a log; jis’ as easy as dat. (*Turning his hand over.*)

*Vincent.* What is that you can do so easy, Scip?

*Scip.* Beat dat white gal a singin’.

*Soldiers.* (*Quizzing SCIPIO.*) O, O! try it. No go, Scip. (*&c., &c.*)

*Scip.* (*coming to the front, aside to KEELER, at R. F.*). Mas’r Keeler, I would like to ax you one question. Ef dat rooster’s tail was pulled out, and you wanted to hab



it fixed, how would you do it? (*The soldiers do not listen, but proceed cleaning arms.*)

*Keeler.* I wouldn't do it at all. I'd have him cooked quicker'n chain lightning.

*Scip.* But if you wanted him to hab a new tail, how would you do it?

*Keeler.* I don't know how I would do it.

*Scip.* Well, I tell you. Ef dat rooster's tail was pulled out, and you wanted him to hab a new one, you'd hab to take him to whar dey re-tail poultry. Yah, yah, yah!

*Keeler.* Ha, ha, ha! Fellows! (*Soldiers stop cleaning arms and listen.*) Here's one o' the best things. If my rooster has lost his tail, and I wanted him to have a new one, where should I carry him?

*Soldiers.* We give it up.

*Keeler.* Well, I should have to take him to where they sell poultry at wholesale. Ha, ha, ha! (*A little pause.*) Why don't you laugh?

*Soldiers.* We don't see anything to laugh at.

*Keeler.* (*Coming to c., and considering.*) Well, I don't exactly see the point myself, now; but it was a first-rate joke only a minute ago. — (*To VINCENT, who has come to c.*) Vincent, you're a clever fellow; where's my tent? You've got the camp all changed around so, and mixed up, I can't find it.

*Vincent.* All right! go ahead! (*Turns KEELER towards R.*)

*Keeler.* (*Turning back.*) Vincent, you're a clever fellow, and I want to see you s—s—strictly temperate.

*Vincent.* O, go along, go along! You're a pretty temperance lecturer.

*Keeler* (going off, again turns and slaps VINCENT on the shoulder). And, Vincent, you're a clever fellow. I want to see you s—s—s—strictly honest.

*Vincent*. O, go along! Talk about honesty with that bag of stolen fowls!

[*Exeunt KEELER and VINCENT, R.*]

*Crooke*. Hubbard, they tell me you understand the bayonet drill; will you go through it?

*Enter VINCENT, R.*

*Hubbard*. Ya—as, as well as I can.

[*BAYONET DRILL.*]

*Vincent*. Hubbard, you are “the glass of fashion and the mould of form.” Ahem! I forget the author; and there's more in you than I thought. Do you know I have always had a rather contemptible opinion of you?

*Hubbard*. I never heard an opinion of yours that was not contemptible.

*Soldiers*. Ha, ha, ha! Had him there, Hubbard. (*&c., &c.*) Sing, Scip! Sing! (*SCIPIO sings and dances.*)

*End of ACT 2, SCENE 2.*

ACT DROP FALLS.

ACT 3. SCENE 1. — *Parlor at COLONEL BLUNT'S. ELLA at rear, sewing. SALLY coming forward to C.*

*Sally.* Well, brother says he is going over to-morrow to see Henry ; so of course there is no use trying to keep him at home. He is the strangest man. I shall have a hard time with the servants while he is gone ; he has spoiled them, — threatening and threatening them all the time ; and he never lays the weight of a finger on them, and they know he never will ; so there's not another such set of niggers in all Virginia. But I must go and see to his clothes. [*Exit SALLY, L.*

*Ella (coming forward with open letter).* I have read this letter, scanty as it is, a dozen times. This is my reprieve. I can but think this a good omen for the future, seeing him again so soon. O, joy, joy ! (*Kisses the letter ; reads.*)

“DEAR WIFE : By a piece of blessed good fortune, I am sent to recruit the balance of my company in our own neighborhood, and shall be home the day after to-morrow. We are well and in good spirits. I have now but a handful of men, nearly all being furloughed, but shall have a full company in a week or ten days. We are camped but six miles east of Hazard's, near the little chapel in the woods. Tell father to come over and see me to-morrow ; then I will go back with him. God bless you, my dear wife. Keep up a brave heart. (*Stops and wipes her eyes.*) Kiss Violet for me. Love to all. The messenger is leaving. Your loving husband,

HENRY BLUNT.”

A brave heart! O, Henry, how I wish I could share your dangers; but it cannot be; woman must suffer, and her heart must bleed in silence; action is denied her; what can I do? Brave, even to rashness, he needs no counsel to strengthen his heart and nerve his arm; yet if my husband lives, he shall be proud when he thinks of his patriot wife, ready to sacrifice all for her country. But if he dies, — ah! dreadful thought! God look down in mercy on the widow and the fatherless. (*Buries her face in her hands.*)

*Col.* (*outside at L.*). I tell you when I am determined (*enter COLONEL and SALLY. JIM follows, carrying parcels. COLONEL and SALLY go to front. JIM stands at C., with his parcels*) to do a thing, I will do it. (*ELLA retires to R., and sews.*)

*Sally.* Brother, I will say you are the most obstinate man I ever saw.

*Col.* Obstinate! Ha, ha! I like that — obstinate! Now you know very well you can always lead me like a lamb, just by letting me have my own way. But why shouldn't I go?

*Sally.* You know, brother, you have not got wholly over the rheumatism.

*Col.* Got over the fiddlestick! I tell you I am well, and sound. (*Strikes his cane on the floor; the shock jars him.*) O! Ah!

*Sally* (*eagerly*). There, there! What did I tell you? What do you think now?

*Col.* Hold your tongue! I believe in my soul that you're glad of it.

*Sally.* O, brother! How can you?

*Col.* Well, Sally, I can't. You know I consider you the sum of all goodness — perfection.

*Sally.* La! brother, if I could only think you meant so; but you are only flattering me.

*Col.* Flattering? Pooh, pooh! not a bit of it, Sally. I not only consider you perfection mentally, but I do think that you are, without exception, the finest-looking woman of your age in all Virginia.

*Sally.* Yes; I know when I was young I was considered quite a beauty.

*Col.* Ha, ha, ha! Lord! Sally, what a fool you are!

*Sally.* Yes, I am a fool to stand and listen to you. (*Retires to R.; sits and sews with ELLA.*)

*Col.* Whatever I tell you, you can rely upon. Jim, are you awake?

*Jim. (sleepily).* Yes, mas'r.

*Col.* Well, if you are sure you are awake, if you are positively certain about it, put those bundles on the table there. (*Points to table at L. JIM does as told, then leans against the left front wing and dozes. The COLONEL takes up a large, old, rusty pistol.*) There, Ella, my dear; there is a pistol I had in the battle of Buena Vista. Talk about your Colt's revolvers!

*Ella.* Do, pray, father, put away the horrid old thing!

*Col.* Horrid old thing, indeed! That's a pretty way for a soldier's wife to talk about a good honest old horse pistol, and one that has been in the service at that. Did I ever tell you how I beat a fellow shooting? You see it was just before the battle of Buena Vista. Jim! are you awake?

*Jim. (sleepily rousing).* Yes, mas'r.

*Col.* You lie, you rascal! If you don't keep awake, I'll skin you alive! Well, this fellow thought he could shoot. So he could, but I knew I could beat him, two to one; so I just cleaned up my pistols (*wipes the pistol with the tail of his dressing-gown*); this is one of the very ones. I don't know but what it is the very one; by the way, I wonder where the other one is. Jim! Confound me, if that nigger isn't fast asleep! Hold on, I'll fix him! (*Fumbles with vest pocket.*)

*Sally.* What are you going to do, brother?

*Col.* I'm going to burn a match under his nose, and let him smell brimstone, and then he'll think he is in —

*Sally (cautioning).* O, O, O!

*Col. (mocking).* O, O, O! What are you croaking about? I was only going to say he'd think he was in — trouble. (*Chuckles and shakes his sides. Burns a match under the nose of JIM, who chokes and wakes.*) You villain, you! I'll murder you if you don't keep awake!

*Jim. (coolly).* Ole mas'r, what I gwine to do wid sich a par o' shoes as dese here, if I's a gwine ober to de camp wid you?

*Col.* Shoes! there's a pair of boots of mine in the closet here; you can take them, Jim. They'll do very well; only a little worn. Let me see, though; they'll be too small. What size do you wear, Jim?

*Jim.* If my feet isn't swelled, I kin get on thirteens.

*Col.* Yes, that's true. I forgot, — they won't do. Never mind, Jim. I'll see about that. (*Shoulders cane, marches, and sings to himself.*) "Why, soldiers, why should we be melancholy, boys?" Ella, my dear, have you seen to Henry's shirts?

*Ella.* Yes, father; they shall be all ready for you when you start.

*Col. (marches and sings).* "Why, soldiers, why should we be melancholy, boys? Why, soldiers, why? whose business" — *Ella, my dear, have you seen to Henry's stockings, and his handkerchiefs?*

*Ella.* Yes, father.

*Col.* That puts me in mind of my saddle-bags. Jim! I wish I may be blamed if that nigger isn't fast asleep again. (*Draws a small revolver. ELLA stands in front of SALLY, at the rear, measuring work, so that they do not observe the COLONEL's motions.—Aside.*) I'll fire this within about a foot of his head, and see if that will rouse him. (*Goes to JIM, asleep at left front wing, and fires upward. JIM, with a cry, falls flat at c. ELLA and SALLY run off, L., screaming.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Laughs heartily; a pause.*) Get up, Jim! Don't be a fool; get up! If you ain't up in one minute, I'll take a cowhide to you. (*Takes a cowhide in his hand.*) Now here's the cowhide. (*Switches it.*) Don't you hear it? Now you'd better be up before I count ten. One, two —

*Jim. (with his face buried in his arms).* O, mas'r! I's dead.

*Col.* Dead! How the devil could you talk if you was dead? Get up! Three, four (*sniffs*); how good that powder smells! Ever since the battle of Buena Vista, I have loved the smell of it.

*Jim.* O, mas'r! One o' my ears done shot off.

*Col.* One of your ears off! You know better; feel of it and see if it is; — five, six, seven, eight, nine, — time's almost up, Jim.



*Jim.* O! I can't hear de fust ting in one o' my ears.

*Col.* Can't hear with one ear? Well, let's see, then, if you can hear with the other one. Jim! in — my — closet — is — a — bottle — part — full — of — whiskey. (*JIM raises his head.*) Of old whiskey. (*JIM gets up.*) Ha, ha, ha! I thought that would fetch him to, if anything in the world would. Follow me, Jim. You'll never make a soldier if you can't stand saltpetre. (*Going to R.*) Why, when I was in the battle of Buena Vista, the smoke — [*Exeunt at R.*]

*End of ACT 3, SCENE 1.*

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ACT 3. SCENE 2. — *The Woods at dawn.* SIMON *solus.*

*Simon.* I have not slept. I could not sleep. 'Tis time the men were here. Here 'tis daylight. This day, Henry Blunt, if there is any good in steel and gunpowder, you shall see the sun rise for the last time. Curse him! Curse him! I have hated him from a boy. Now the sight of him reminds me of the whip-hand the old man has got over me; that deadly secret that the old man, I think, knows. Knows? He must know it! But he never can prove it, — never. I defy him. If the old man was only safe in six feet of earth, I could breathe easy. No, no, no! not another murder, — not another. Strange what thoughts will come over a man, especially in the night, under the stars. Sometimes I think how they are shining down on dead men's bones unburied; shining down, down, through the ocean, on the sightless



eyes of drowned men. And it is always his bones, and it is always his face. Night after night, night after night, that face is before me. Such dreadful dreams! Last night I saw his skeleton; and as I looked, the bony features of the fleshless skull moved. I saw them move. They seemed to try to speak. O, remorse, remorse! What torments! O, what happiness if I could but be changed into a tree or rock! Great God! To think I was once an innocent child! and now —

*Enter 1st and 2d GUERRILLAS, R.*

*1st Guerrilla.* Captain, what's the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost. What makes you breathe so hard?

*Simon (looking wildly at the guerrillas).* I—I—have been running,—and I fell,—and hurt me.

*2d Guerrilla.* Running! For what?

*Simon (fiercely).* Do you doubt what I tell you? Do you mean to tell me I lie?

*1st Guerrilla (interposing).* No, no! captain; he don't doubt you.

*Simon.* You're right. Pale? Ha, ha, ha! You thought I looked pale. Ha, ha, ha! a good joke,—a good joke. (*Earnestly.*) Do you believe in ghosts?

*1st Guerrilla.* Not I.

*2d Guerrilla.* Nor I.

*Simon (takes the 1st guerrilla by the lapel of coat, and looks fearfully around).* Do you—do you believe there is a hell hereafter? or is our hell here upon earth?

*1st Guerrilla.* Captain, what's the matter with you? This is strange talk. What's the matter?

*Simon.* The matter? Nothing. Nothing is the matter with me. Come on, come on! What are you standing here for? Come on! [*Exeunt omnes, L.*]

*End of ACT 3, SCENE 2.*

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ACT 3. SCENE 3. — *The Forest.* HOLMES, *the picket, solus at C. F.* HOLMES *knocks his pipe against his musket.*

*Holmes.* Humph! They say that tobacco is hurtful. I have formed a strong resolution on smoking. I have resolved that I don't intend to try to quit. I think I can keep that resolution. Come to think of it, this is Sunday. How calm and still it is! (*Looks in front.*) That smoke over the other side of the lake goes up straight as a gun-barrel. Now who would think, to look around here, that there was a bushwhacker within a hundred miles? Confound all your guerrillas, I say! (*Looks at R.*) There are the people taking their way to the little chapel yonder. O, heavenly peace and — (*starts*) Ha! what's that? (*Looks upward at L.*) Well, if a gray squirrel starts me out of my boots in that way, what would a rebel do? (*Bell tolls outside at R.*) There goes the chapel bell. (*Bell tolls, and organ plays that portion of the overture to "William Tell" in which a triangle is used, leaving out, however, the trill. Bell stops, and organ plays pianissimo, and choir of female voices sings pianissimo, outside, R., the air only of the "Hymn" from "Zampa."*)

## CHOIR.

Ave Maria! guard us and guide us,  
Be ever with us, ever beside us.  
Shield us, shield us from war's dread alarm;  
Save us, save us from every harm. (*Repeat.*)

(*Meanwhile, HOLMES takes a likeness from his breast; looks at it intently; shakes his head; kisses it; wipes his eyes with his hand; puts up likeness. On the middle of the repeat of the "Hymn," looks at L. Starts, and levels musket at L., and fires. Organ and choir stop. Exit R. Guerrillas yell outside at L., faintly, as if at a distance. Count eight slowly after the gun fires, and then the drum beats long roll outside at R. Count twenty slowly after the gun fires, before the guerrillas appear, they meanwhile yelling gradually louder and louder. Enter guerrillas at L. and cross the stage at top speed, yelling like mad. They disappear at R. Sounds of the fight heard outside at R. Cries, firing, commands sotto voce, as if at a distance; yells ditto. Revolvers are to be preferred to muskets for the firing. At the commencement of the fight, enter two guerrillas, R., who face about and load and fire muskets as fast as possible towards R. Enter two others, R., and cross the stage running; exeunt at L.*)

*Enter MUGGINS, R., limping badly.*

*Muggins (shaking his fist at R.). Vengeance! vengeance on you for this! The day shall come—O, you shall rue this day in sackcloth and ashes,—yes, in blood! in blood! (Limps towards L., nursing his knee.) O, O! (Exit MUGGINS, L. All the guerrillas retreat.*

*Union troops cheer outside, R., faintly, to give the effect of distance. Count twenty slowly after the last guerrillas cross the stage before the Union troops appear. Enter Union soldiers on the run, cheering loudly, headed by CAPTAIN HENRY, who, as soon as he appears at R., exclaims, —)*

*Henry.* Halt! boys. Halt, halt! No use to chase farther; the rebs are a mile off by this time; they have horses, and we are afoot. That's the last you'll see of that crowd. Three or four of them have done their last fighting. Who is hit among you? any one? (*Soldiers wipe their faces.*)

*Crooke.* Keeler is hit in the canteen; got a bullet right through it. (*Exit SCIP, L.; he is not in uniform.*)

*Vincent.* He is a dead man, then; for the canteen is Keeler's vital part. (*Soldiers laugh.*)

*Keeler (who is sober).* All bosh! The bullet only grazed the top of it; it will hold water yet.

*Vincent.* Water! Not while you own it.

*Henry.* My father's visit ought to have been to-day. I wish he might have been in season to have seen this pretty little skirmish.

*Col. (outside at R.).* Give it to 'em! Give it to 'em, boys! Give 'em Buena Vista!

*Henry.* Ha! that is he now; that is his voice, — but too late to see the fight.

*Col. (outside).* Where are they? Where are they?

*Enter COLONEL at R., and with him JIM, both with double-barrelled shot-guns.*

*Col.* Where are the infernal rebels? (*Looking at L.*)

There goes one now ; there goes one ! (*Levels his gun to L., and snaps caps on both barrels.*)

*Henry (rushing to his father and throwing up the gun).*  
What are you about, father ? What are you about ?  
Don't you see it's Scip ? Your own boy, Scip ?

*Col. (aghast).* What, what ! Great Heavens ! so it is. Here, Henry, take this gun, — take it away ! I never want to see another gun again as long as I live.

*Enter L., SCIPIO, badly scared.*

*Scip.* Gor—gor—goramity ! Ole mas'r, wa—wa—was you a gwine to shoot me ?

*Col.* O, my poor boy ! My poor boy ! To think, if that gun hadn't missed fire, you would have been a dead Mexican, — I mean a dead nigger. O, what an escape ! What an escape !

*Scip. (snivelling).* It's bad enough to be shot at by de rebs, widout habin' own folks shootin' at me.

*Col.* Don't say another word, Scip ; don't say another word. There's a ten-dollar gold piece for you. (*Gives a coin.*) You know I wouldn't shoot you for all the ten-dollar gold pieces that were ever — (*A little pause.*) Hold on ! hold on ! Let me see, — let me see. (*Bursts into loud laughter.*) Ha, ha, ha !

*Henry (astonished).* What is the matter, father ?

*Col. (still laughing).* Henry, come to think of it, that gun wasn't loaded.

*All.* Wasn't loaded ?

*Col.* No. You see, just after I and Jim left home, Jim shot at a deer and missed him, — both barrels, like a confounded blunderhead, — and then we changed guns ;

and I remember I put the caps on, but I had forgotten to load; so (*takes SCIPIO by the ear*) it wasn't loaded, you rascal, you. No wonder I mistook you for a bush-whacker, with such a hat on as that.

*Scip.* Well, ole mas'r, you gwine to take back dat ten-dollar gold piece, den?

*Col.* No, no! boy. It is worth ten dollars to be as badly scared as you was.

*Scip.* (*aside*). I donno which was de worst scared, me or ole mas'r. (*The COLONEL shakes hands all round with the men, during the first part of the following.*)

*Enter MARY HAZARD, R., and runs to HENRY.*

*Mary.* O, I am so frightened! O, Captain Blunt! I am so frightened!

*Henry.* What! Mary? I thought you was back home.

*Mary* (*all ready to cry*). O, no, sir. I staid over here at my kinfolks' to go to the chapel, and I was right here in the chapel when they began to fire; and the bullets broke the windows — and — boo — hoo — (*Bursts out crying.*)

*Col.* Mary, my dear, don't you cry. You come with me, and I'll take care of you.

*Mary.* And O! while I was in the chapel I prayed for you, Captain Blunt. And I prayed for all the men — and —

*Scip.* Did you pray for me, Miss Mary?

*Mary.* Yes.

*Scip.* Well, I got some feelin's if I is a nigger. I takes all dat back what I said, — dat I could sing better dan you could. I takes all dat back.

*Henry.* This child prayed for us, men; let us see that we pray for ourselves, for our wives, our children, for our country; that victory and peace may crown our efforts, and that this war and all wars may cease.

*Col.* It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. This war has cured my rheumatism; and now that I have got the use of my right arm to swing my hat, let's have three cheers for the old flag, — the same old flag I fought under at Buena Vista.

*Henry.* Now then, one!

*Soldiers.* Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

*Scip.* (*dashing down his hat*). Hurrah!

*End of ACT 3, SCENE 3.*

ACT DROP FALLS.



[Between the third and fourth acts one year is supposed to have elapsed.]

ACT 4. SCENE 1. — *The Forest. Night.*

*Enter JIM, L., carrying a small bag.*

*Jim.* My golly! how dark it is! Mus' be 'bout twelve o'clock. S'pose I see a ghost now. (*Starts.*) My golly! I believe I step on a snake. I wish I was out o' dis. (*SCIP sings outside, R.*) Ah! What dat? (*Listens.*) Dat sound like our Scip. Can't be Scip; him and Mas'r Henry done gone a year ago. (*SCIP sings again.*) Dat ar mus' be Scip, sure's de world.

*Enter SCIP, wearing a ragged Union uniform, R.*

*Scip. (briskly).* Who dat?

*Jim (stupidly).* Dat's me.

*Scip.* Who's me?

*Jim.* Colonel Blunt's Jim.

*Scip. (shaking JIM's hand).* What? Dat you, Jim? You old tater-head! how you does? How's ole mas'r?

*Jim (slowly).* He's tol'able.

*Scip.* An' Miss Ella?

*Jim.* She's tol'able.

*Scip.* An' de dear little Vi'let?

*Jim.* She's tol'able.

*Scip.* An' Miss Sally? — she an' me didn't allers agree; but she's a good lady. How's she?

*Jim.* She's tol'able.

*Scip.* An' how is you? Is you wide awake, — same you used to be?

*Jim.* I's tol'able.

*Scip. (aside).* Same derved fool he allers was.—  
(*Aloud.*) See here! I ain't got no time to fool away. I's boun' to git home an' git sumfin to eat. I's mos' starved. I done lost my horse, an' now I's marchin' straight for de ole cabin home, an' please God I'll be dar in less dan a half hour. What you got in dat bag?

*Jim. (slowly).* Dar's roas' pork, dar's corn bread (*showing the neck of a black bottle*), an' dar's sumfin else.

*Scip.* Fust of all, gimme de sumfin else. (*Takes the bottle and drinks.*) Ha! dat's de stuff. Sit down, *Jim.* (*They seat themselves at C. F., on the ground.*) Gimme de pork. Gimme de bread. (*Scip eats ravenously.*)

*Jim.* How's de times whar you been?

*Scip. (with his mouth full).* O, you go 'way, nigger! you donno nuffin 'bout war.

*Jim.* You kill a reb, Scip, while you done gone?

*Scip.* Reb! kill a reb? Humph! Me an' Mas'r Henry kill mor'n tree hundred.

*Jim.* Golly! How many you kill, Scip?

*Scip.* Well, I reckon I kill 'bout two hundred an' fifty, an' Mas'r Henry kill de balance.

*Jim.* Golly!

*Scip.* O, dat's nuffin', dat ain't. (*Continues eating.*) One night, jis about as dark as 'tis now, me an' Mas'r Henry we was a ridin' along de road,—out jumps tree rebs outen de bushes, an' sings out halt! We pulls up, kaze we see it was no use,—us two agin four.

*Jim.* Four! I thought you say dar was tree ob 'em.

*Scip.* No, no,—four. I tole you four. Well, den

dey grabs de bridles; tree ob 'em grabs my bridle, an' de oder two grabs Mas'r Henry's bridle.

*Jim.* Dat's five. I thought you say dey was four.

*Scip.* Ob course it's five. Dat's what I say all along, — five rebs; five what we calls grillers. Well, Mas'r Henry he jis as cool as a cucumber; says he, "Gemmen, jis you lef' down dem bridles, or I make you walk a chalk." Well, dey didn't lef' 'em down; so we jis drawed our six-shooters, and when dey went nex' mornin' to bury 'em, dar dey was, all seven ob 'em, dead as a muton.

*Jim.* Seben? I thought you say dey was five.

*Scip.* No, no! Seben, I tole you, — seben; all shot right troo de head.

*Jim.* Golly!

*Scip.* O, dat's nuffin, dat ain't. (*JIM takes the bottle.*) Anoder time, me an' Mas'r Henry we was in de middle ob a big fight; us two had killed, well, somewhere 'bout tree or four dozen de rebs; up come Colonel Warton on his ole white horse, an' he say — Gimme dat whiskey!

*Jim.* Was dat what de colonel say?

*Scip.* No, dat's what I say. (*Takes the bottle and drinks.*)

*Enter R., rear, PAUL HAZARD, unperceived.*

Well, as I was a sayin', de colonel he sings out —

*Hazard.* What are you two doing here?

*Scip.* (*starts to his feet.*) Hi!

*Jim.* (*slowly gets up.*) Golly!

*Hazard.* Have you got passes, — you two boys?

*Scip.* Yes ; dat's my pass. (*Shows a paper.*) "Pass de boy Scipio from de camp on de Big Sandy to Colonel Robert Blunt's house an' back." Dat's Mas'r Henry's pass, what he gimme.

*Hazard.* What ! Is this you, Scip ?

*Scip.* Yes, mas'r. (*Recognizes HAZARD.*) What ? dat you, Mas'r Hazard ? Well, well ; I glad nuff to see you. How's all wid you at home ? How's Miss Mary ?

*Hazard.* Home ! I have no home. (*Exit JIM, cautiously.*) My home is scattered in ashes, Scip. The rebels set fire to my house at midnight, my boy, — at midnight, — while my daughter lay asleep beneath its roof. Now the old colonel, your master, has taken her as one of his own family ; and now the colonel — Harkee, Scip ! you'll not see your old home to-night ; you must go back again, for life and death, to Captain Henry. Tell him, — mark me, Scip, remember every word, — tell him I have learned that his father's house is to be burnt ; and if the colonel is found at home after nine o'clock to-morrow night, I will not answer for the old man's life.

*Scip.* (*snivelling and wringing his hands*). Good Lord ! Mas'r Hazard. What can I do ? I done lost my horse. I can't go afoot.

*Hazard.* Harkee, Scip ! Take my horse ; I have another. Jim, Jim ! Where, for Heaven's sake, is that Jim ? I want to send a message to the colonel, to let him know what's afoot. But there's no time to be lost. You take the mill road, Scip. I go the other, and between us we'll be sure. (*Lightning and thunder.*) Give him the spur, boy ! Ride ! Remember it is for life and

death, — for life and death. (*Lightning and thunder.*)  
You'll have a wet ride, Scip.

*Scip.* Never mind. I'll do it, Mas'r Hazard, I'll do it. You know I allers was a 'liable nigger.

*Hazard.* You are a good boy, Scip; you always was a good boy.

*Scip.* Dat's jis what ole mas'r say when I done lef' home a year ago. (*Lightning and thunder.*)

[*Exeunt, R.*

*End of ACT 4, SCENE 1.*

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ACT 4. SCENE 2. — COLONEL BLUNT'S *Parlor*. ELLA is lying on a lounge at R., attended by MARY, who bathes ELLA'S forehead. SALLY walks the room.

*Sally.*

What can we do? What will become of us?

If brother had but only half the life

He had twelve months ago; but poor old man,

Broken by sickness — hush, hush! here he comes.

*Enter COLONEL BLUNT, L., rear, coming forward walking feebly and talking slowly.*

*Col.*

Some deadly foe, whoever he may be,

Has kept this warning back; now 'tis too late.

There is no help for us except from Heaven.

(*ELLA springs up.*)

*Ella.* O, father, fly! It is not yet too late.

*Sally.*

Fly? Not one foot! Call in the servants; bar  
The doors and bar the windows. Fight it out!

*Mary.* O, if my father did but know of this!

*Col.*

Hush! children, hush! Now hear me. I have weighed  
This matter well, —looked at it on all sides;  
And now my mind is calm and firmly fixed.

Yet, sister, read that warning note once more.

(*SALLY, taking a paper from her pocket, reads.*)

*Sally.*

“COLONEL ROBERT BLUNT: You have been for a  
long time a marked man. Now you are a doomed one.  
For your treason to the state of Virginia, for your insults  
to the defenders of the state, for your efforts to overthrow  
its sovereignty (*ELLA throws herself on the lounge*), we  
hereby solemnly warn you that if, after nine of the clock  
on Saturday evening next, you shall be found within the  
limits of the state, you shall be dealt with according to  
the laws of Judge Lynch, in such cases made and pro-  
vided. Govern yourself accordingly. You are warned.”

No signature to this. Dated five days ago. (*ELLA  
springs up excited, and almost in hysterics.*)

*Ella.*

O, horror! Heaven have mercy. Save us! help!

*Col.*

My child, be calm. Now, daughter, sit you down;  
Listen! I said I weighed this matter well.

Suppose we fight it out, what's the result?

My negroes killed, my homestead in a blaze,

And you and I are shot; and that's the end.



Now take the other side. Let these men come ;  
Find me unarmed ; my days have run their span ;  
My life is lived ; they cannot harm my soul.

(*Noise heard outside, R.*)

*Enter JIM, R.*

*Jim.* O, mas'r ! Strangers all roun' de house !

*Enter, R., SIMON and guerrillas, all with semi-masks and crape over their faces. Exeunt SALLY, MARY, and VIOLET, L., screaming. Exit JIM, L.*

*Col.* (*with his arm around ELLA*). I need not ask you whence you come nor why.

*Simon* (*who slightly limps*). None of your airs with us, Robert Blunt ; the day for that is gone by.

*Col.* (*recognizing SIMON*). Simon ! I know you through your thin disguise ! Your walk betrays you.

*Simon* (*tears off the crape*). Yes, and how came I to limp ? Curse you — and your son ! Curse the whole tribe of you. You have lamed me for life, among you ; but your day is over ; now comes mine.

*Col.* Hear me !

*Simon.* Not a word. I'll stifle the whole brood of you. Now I have you under my heel, and now I'll stamp you out. (*To ELLA.*) Away, woman, away !

*Ella.* (*Throws herself upon her knees.*) O, gentlemen ! See me on my knees to you. Take all we have, — my jewelry, my purse, my watch, — take all (*rises and throws her arms around her father*), but spare him, spare him !

*Col.* Ella, you waste your breath. You call these miserable ruffians — gentlemen ?



*Simon.* Put a gag in his mouth! Tie his hands behind him! Take that woman away! Take her away!  
(*Two guerrillas bear off ELLA, L., screaming for help.*)

*Simon (to the COLONEL).* Now for your reckoning.  
(*They tie the COLONEL's hands behind him.*)

*Col.* Hear me! I will speak,

And tell the world what I have hid so long.

*Simon (drawing a pistol and pointing at the COLONEL's head).* Ha! that's enough!

*1st Guerrilla (to SIMON, crowding him back).* Remember what you said. You swore you would not take the old man's life.

*2d Guerrilla.* No, no! Give him fair play, and let him speak.

*1st Guerrilla.* Let him go on. Now let him have his say.

*Col. (to SIMON).*

Have you forgot when you, a ruined man,  
Came straight to me for help? Did I refuse?

Who raised the mortgage from your house and lands?  
You know I took not even your note therefor,

But only took your word; and have you paid?  
Or do you call this brutal treatment pay?

(*SIMON motions again to shoot.*)

Nay, let the ruffian shoot me if he will;  
The time has come; his crime shall come to light.

*Simon.*

See here, old man! Where are your courts of law?  
Where are your juries, and your cobweb writs?

Not one of these (*pointing*) that has not killed his man  
Within these twelve months, — since the war broke out.

Now fire up, men, and quick ! By hell, we'll rout  
This brood, and give them all a fire to light  
Them on their way. (*To COLONEL BLUNT.*) Now  
come with me. Come on !

*Enter SALLY, L., greatly excited, addressing SIMON.*

*Sally.*

Can you be man or devil ? Do you dare  
To lift your hand to harm that reverend head ?  
(*To the men.*)

If there's among you one Virginian born,  
I ask you, will you stand and see him harmed ?  
That poor old man (*sobs*), with one foot in the grave.  
(*Sobs.*)

*Simon.* Go on, go on ! I like to hear you sing.

*Col.*

O, you vile wretch ! Well may they call you "wolf."  
Do you not look to see the fire from heaven  
Come down and strike and blast you where you stand ?

*Simon.* Go on, go on ! I'll square it up with you.

*Sally (aside, hurriedly).* They shall not say we did  
not strike one blow. (*She draws a small pistol and aims  
at SIMON. The pistol is seized by 1st guerrilla, and  
wrenched from her.*)

*1st Guerrilla.* Are you insane ?

*Sally (fiercely).* Yes ! You have made me so.

(*Exit SALLY, L. The guerrillas cluster at the rear and  
whisper together. SIMON goes to closet at R., and returns  
to C. with bottle and silver cup.*)

*Simon.*

Look here, men, look ! this curst aristocrat

Is not content with glass ; to drink his wine  
He must have silver.

*Col. (aside).* 'Tis my grandchild's cup.

*Simon (pours wine into the cup).*

Now men, before you burn the house, take what

You want. Now here's a toast for you. Here's death  
To all that shirk the Southern cause. Here's death !  
(*SIMON raises cup. Pistol shot at R. SIMON falls dead at C.*)

*Enter HENRY, R., and Union soldiers, R. and L. Enter  
HAZARD and SCIPIO.*

*Henry.* Seize them, seize them ! They cannot escape. Seize them, men ! (*The guerrillas are seized without resistance.*) My father !

*Col.* O ! my son, my son ! (*Exit HAZARD, L. HENRY throws his arms around the COLONEL.*) My hands are tied, Henry.

*Henry (untying his father).* Vincent, remove those fellows. See them safely guarded.

*1st Guerrilla.* Captain, let me say a word.

*Henry.*

Not a word ; not one word. Away with them !

[*Exeunt guerrillas, R., guarded.*]

Father, tell me of my wife and children.

*Col.* Safe ! Thank Heaven ! Thank Heaven !

*Enter ELLA, SALLY, MARY, VIOLET, and JIM, L.*

*Ella.* My husband ! O, my husband !

*Violet.* O, father ! (*They embrace.*)

*Sally.* Saved, saved ! and from what a fate !

*Mary.*

No one can know that fate better than I ;  
For we at home awoke at dead of night, —  
And woke to find our dwelling in a blaze,  
And all the air alive with dreadful yells.  
I think these fellows are the very ones  
That drove us shelterless out in the storm.  
I know I saw that dead man in the gang.

*Henry.*

This wolf it was that did that cursed deed,  
As well as this ; but he shall prowl no more.  
Now there he lies ; there ends a wretched life,  
A life of hate, of malice, and of blood.  
How can a man dare so to live his days  
That when he dies all good men shall rejoice?  
(*Two soldiers drag off the body, R.*)

Call Mr. Hazard, Jim ; go, call him in ;

[*Exit JIM, L.*

I wish to thank, before you all, the man  
Who saved us. That brave, faithful man, to whom  
We owe a debt we never can repay.

*Enter HAZARD and JIM, L.*

Here stands the man (*puts his hand on HAZARD'S  
shoulder*) who for a year has lived  
In hourly peril ; who has risked his life  
A hundred fold as much as we have done,  
Who merely stood in battle.

*Hazard.*

I have done

The best I could to serve my country's cause ;  
'Twas but my duty.

*Henry.* Modest as you're brave.

*Hazard.*

I am content. My valued friends are saved.

My daughter has a home. But thank that boy  
(*points to* SCIPIO) as much as you thank me.

*Col.*

As a reward for faithful service done,

Now, from this time henceforth (*puts his hand on*  
SCIPIO), this boy is free !

*Scip.* No, no ! ole mas'r, none o' dat ! I gwine to  
stick by de ole place. You know, ole mas'r, I allers was  
a 'liable nigger. (*The COLONEL wipes away a tear, and*  
*takes* SCIPIO *by the hand.*)

*Henry.*

Bright, happy days are yet in store for us ;

Soon may we see the welcome dawn of peace,  
The golden halo of the coming day.

*Col.*

Let us all pray this cruel war may cease ;  
And when 'tis over, may we peaceful live,

A reunited family of states, —  
All hate dispelled beneath the starry flag  
I've followed, — even from my boyhood's days.

CURTAIN.









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